Write Review

Red Overture [English] (/en/story/353080/red-overture-english/)

Hazo (/en/u/hazo/)

The first note.

The prelude to the Aria and the Coda.

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Overture

In the beginning, there was no word.

It has been said many, perhaps too many times, that language shapes the human world.

I no longer remember who was the first to formulate such a concept.

In the beginning, there was no word.

The wind was our guide, the stars our compass, and light our clock.

There was no cursed fruit, no people made of mud.

In the beginning, there was no word.

Without a word, there is no reality. That which cannot be described cannot exist.

Description, as such, can only exist if there is a method to manifest it.

In the beginning, there was no word; only observation.

Today, those are just memories.

The rain. The cruel, cold rain soaking my entire body, flattening my dirty hair, chilling the hair covering my body, and seeping between the strands of my beard.

The rain, the merciless rain, accompanied by those horrible lightning strikes, was toppling trees, and causing the death of so many peers. Drowning my shelter, forcing me to retreat and just watch as those like me perished.

The rain, the incomprehensible rain.

I was young, but not scared.

The rain, that rain... looking back, it would not be incorrect to consider that it was the first rain.

From beginning to end, I remember every one of the drops that fell during that night. None have been forgotten.

Individually, in my eyes and ears, they are still present, each one of them.

The rain ceased when there was light.

It was cold. I was cold.

I heard the last rumble, and, by pure instinct, I turned my head in its direction.

And there, humanity was born.

It was warm.

That combination of the colors of sunset, the color of blood, and the color of some flower, was appealing.

Dangerous, capable of causing a unique pain; my own fingers confirmed that when I tried to seize it.

Not then, but today I understand: I was amazed. Intrigued, absorbed, and a little confused.

It shone so brightly and danced silently, almost inviting me, asking me to play with it.

First, it made the fallen tree bark shine, and then it darkened.

I was curious.

I remember picking a few blades of grass and throwing them on it. I thought I had killed it. Its light disappeared, but only for a moment. I shouted in surprise when those same blades of grass were also consumed.

So, I added more.

And more, and more.

Leaves, branches, leaves, branches. I brought a small log and allowed it to expand. More, more, and more.

Only water could make it recede, so I made sure to keep it away.

More, more, and more.

Soon, before me stood a dancing light almost as tall as myself.

It inspired fear, but not too much.

I had understood it, analyzed it, and observed it. I had understood how to make it grow, I had understood that it took little

effort for it to get out of control, and I had understood what to do if it spread beyond what I wanted. I had seen that it was capable of burning, seen it cause harm, seen it be controlled. No, I was no longer afraid. It was mine. Of course, it was mine. There was no one around to try and steal it from me, and even if they tried, they would not be able to control it as I did. It was mine.

I had taken possession of it.

That flickering light that gave off warmth.

Almost certainly, I couldn't have been the first to see it. No, that would be too much credit to take. But it was clear to me, nature, and the entire universe, that I was the one who mastered it. I was the one who earned the right to claim it as mine.

No one, ever, disputed that right.

The divine fire.

I used it.

Cycle after cycle of the sun showing itself and hiding, I used it.

I understood how to move it from side to side.

I did not let that flame die, for many days.

I realized that if it could harm me, it could certainly harm everything else. So, I used it to defend myself and to attack.

It gave me the warmth the wind wanted to take from me, and it gave me the shelter that was so vital to me; it gave me light, which for the first time allowed me to effectively ward off the dangers of the night.

I kept it alive, and it kept me alive.

One day, it rained again.

My preparation was inadequate.

The flame died, the fire extinguished.

I stood in the rain, ignoring the drops falling on me.

With my eyes wide open, I waited for another one of those thunderous sounds, but there was none.

When the rain stopped, there was nothing left providing warmth.

I returned to the place where it all began, and there I saw, lying on the damp grass, that first log I once saw burning. Black, but extinguished.

I had lost it.

Once again, I was at a complete disadvantage against nature.

That must have been the way it was meant to be.

But that was not allowed.

I broke the rules that nature itself had proposed.

I went beyond the norm.

Accidental or not, for just a couple of days, I was the king of the entire planet, the pinnacle of the food chain, the most powerful and potent creature that had ever seen the light.

He appeared before me.

Wrapped in a robe as white as the clouds on a hot day, emitting an extremely potent light, yet strangely not blinding; he spoke to me.

There, the word was born.

I didn't understand his words, and I cannot repeat them because he spoke in a language that has never been invented.

I didn't understand his words, but everything became clear to me.

The light from the robe prevented me from seeing his face or silhouette, but I could feel his hand resting on my head.

Thus, he taught me how to create fire.

He made me understand that when I decided to control it, my entire destiny was written.

He assigned me a role, kissed my forehead, and disappeared.

That same night, taking refuge in a cave, I struck two stones together.

The heat warmed me once more.

. . .

Countless millennia have passed since then.

Death has never taken me.

I have not seen him again.

Humanity has given him many, too many names, created entire religions around him, picturing him at their whim.

Humanity worships him, but to me, he is a friend.

He gave me a mission, a mission that probably allows me to live until the end of time.

I am... a guide. I no longer hold over men the power I displayed so many thousands of years ago, and it has been too long since anyone knew who I am.

But, despite everything, I remain the guide. The guide for all of humanity.

The mission given to me by that deity is

simple: You, who have risen above all the life around you, have granted your species the supreme right to dominate these forests and mountains. Write the path that those like you must follow.

So here I am now, before you, something like two million years later, still fulfilling my role.

Don't ask for my name. I never had one, so give me one if you wish, and I will remember it.

The only question you need to ask, is:

Why have I come to see you?

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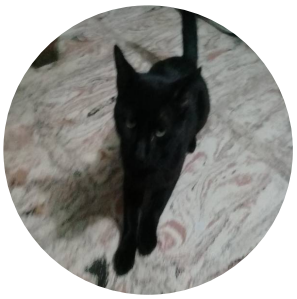

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Hazo (/en/u/hazo/)

A big fan of angels.

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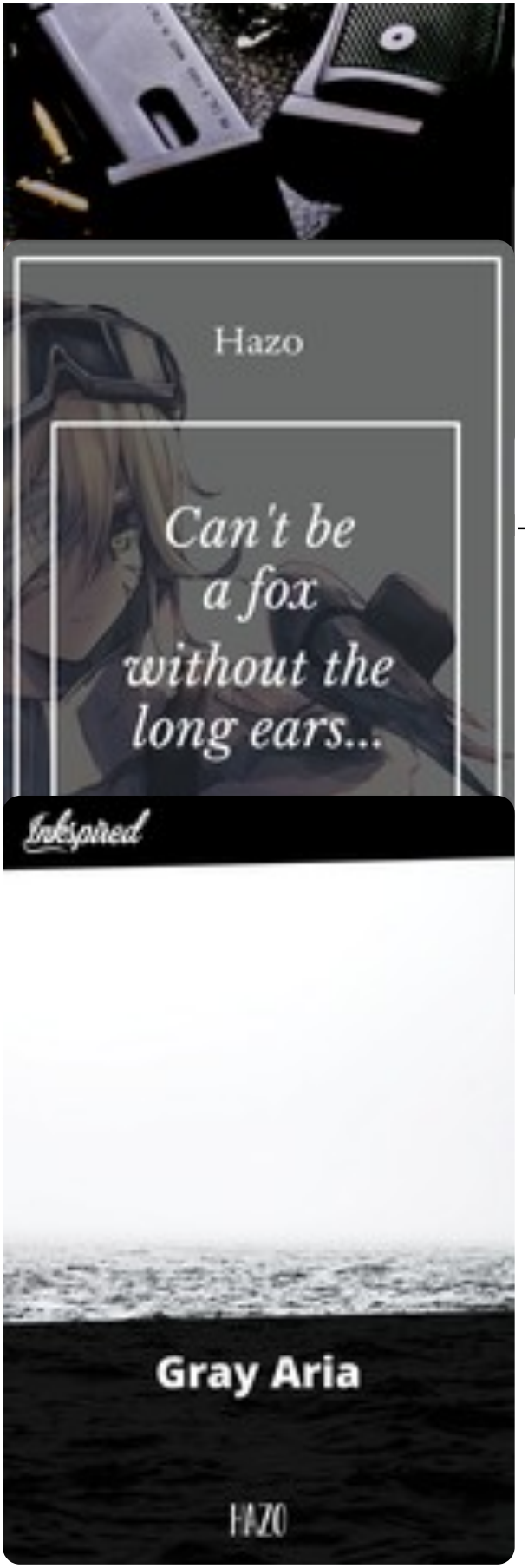

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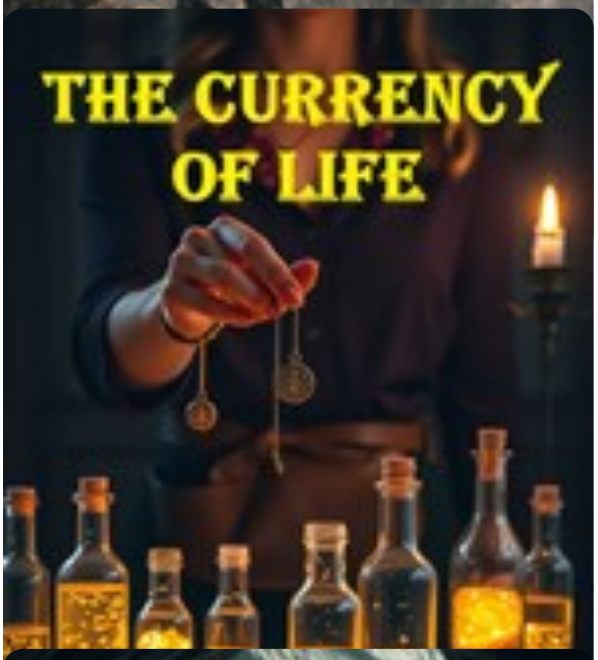

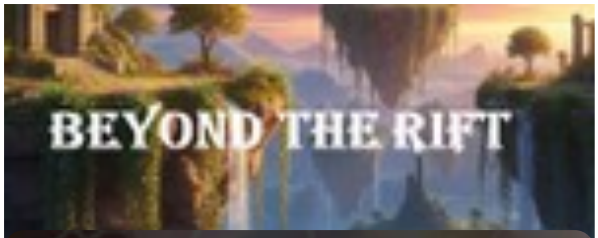
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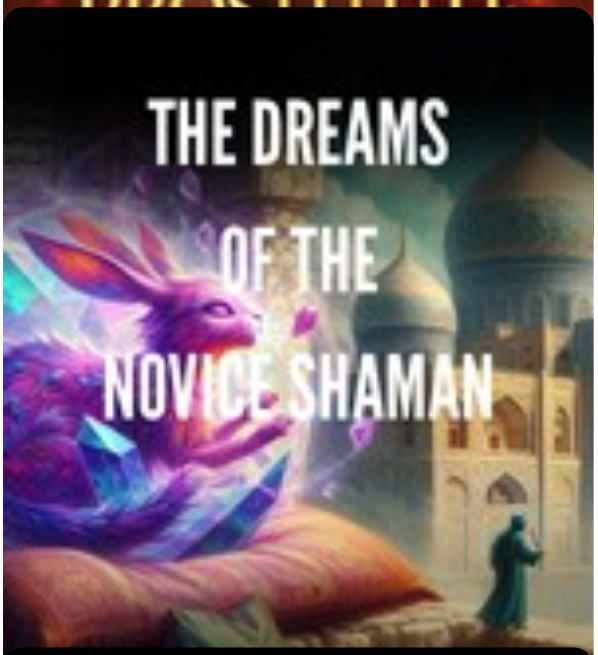
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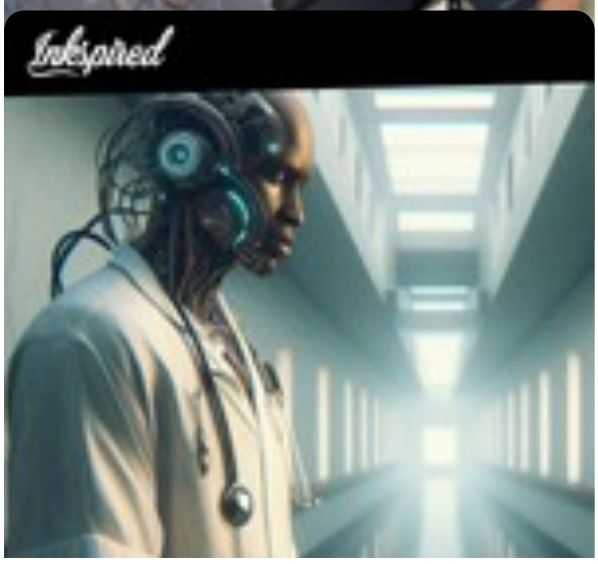
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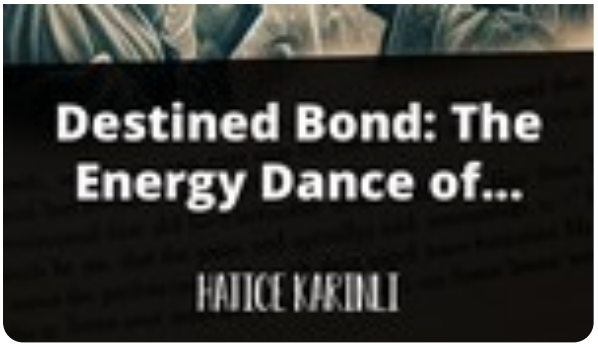

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